

Paper Jam bakes a cookie.

Paper Jam (Courteney Bentley, Alexandra Greenberg, Alexandra Geen, Zinhle Khumalo, Boitumelo Phashe, and Nokukhanya Sibanda)



Booklet 5 in the series **Carrots die everywhere:**
Publishing practices from the Shadow of the Moon



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The setting speaks:**Reflections on Moyé****Magazine.**

Nokukhanya Sibanda with Ashley Allard, Courteney Bentley, Theodore Ghorbany, Hana Hassim, Vanilla Jane, Boitumelo Phashe, and Raea

Commissioned and conceived as part of the **Shadow of the Moon** project, with Francesca Masoero, Molemo Moiloa, Pelonomi Moiloa, Sarah Mounia Kachiri, and Jeanne van Heeswijk

Facilitation by francis burger

Coordination by Sarah Mounia Kachiri

Design by wwwork, Robyn Cook

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**creative industries
fund NL**

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PAPERJAM BAKES A COOKIE

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A CHILL HOLIDAY - A WAY TO UNWIND RIGHT AFTER EXAMS. PAPER JAM IS DEEP IN THE DRAKENSBERG, ENJOYING FRESH AIR, MAJESTIC VIEWS.

BUT THEN - BAM! BREAKING NEWS!!! A GIANT ASTEROID COSMIC SWEET & SOUR GHERKIN IS HURTLING TOWARD EARTH AT UNSTOPPABLE SPEEDS..

MOST PEOPLE WOULD PANIC. PAPER JAM? THEY DO WHAT ANY SELF-RESPECTING ART COLLECTIVE WOULD DO, SUMMON THEIR MEGAROBOT - THE LESBATRON.

THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM: THE LESBATRON RUNS ON DARK CHOCOLATE AND MARSHMALLOW COOKIES BAKED WITH LOVE. NOT JUST ANY COOKIES - PAPER JAM™ CHOCOLATE AND MARSHMALLOW CHIP SOUL SNACKS... AND PAPER JAM WAS SNACKING ON THE SOUL COOKIES WHILE ON THE ROAD TRIP... AND THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY THE COOKIES CAN BE MADE - THROUGH THE SACRED RITUAL OF COLLECTIVE NOSTALGIA!

SO, BEFORE THEY CAN SAVE THE WORLD, THEY HAVE TO USE THEIR ULTRA-SUPER POWERS OF HUMOUR, WIT, AND THE FRIENDS WE MAKE ALONG THE WAY - TO FEED THEIR COLLECTIVE PERSONA AND ITS PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION, THE LESBATRON.

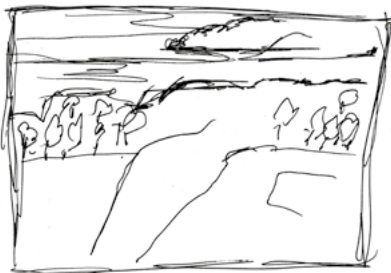
THEY GATHER IN THE LESBATRON'S INDUSTRIAL-SIZED KITCHEN AND START BAKING - TELLING STORIES, RELIVING INSIDE JOKES, AND REMINISCING ABOUT THE SLEEPOVERS, SWIMMING POOL DEBATES, AND LEGENDARY ART IDEAS FORGED IN THE FIRES OF CHAOS... AS THE COOKIES RISE, SO DOES THEIR POWER.

THE ASTEROID COSMIC SWEET & SOUR GHERKIN LOOMS. THE FATE OF EARTH RESTS IN THE HANDS OF AN ART COLLECTIVE ARMED WITH A SPATULA, A MIXING BOWL, AND A DANGEROUSLY HIGH TOLERANCE FOR SUGAR...

WILL THEY SAVE THE PLANET?

WILL THE LESBATRON DEVELOP SENTIENCE AND DEMAND ITS ART RESIDENCY?

BEAT 1.



EXT. THE DRAKENSBERG:

The Drakensberg stretches wide - hills like the backs of sleeping giants, mist curling at the peaks.

The sky is stitched with slow-moving clouds. We see a dragon shape emerge but can't make out if it's a mountain or real.



EXT. POOLSIDE:

Paper Jam occupies the scene. Alex reads on a pool chair. Courteney and Noku play mermaids while teaching Boi how to swim. Zimle and Alex relax by the pool.

Paper Jam exhales at once - in perfect tranquility...

PAPERJAM! USING THE MONEY WE MADE FROM THE PAPER JAM BIBLE TO TAKE A SUPERHERO VACAY WAS THE BEST IDEA...



INT. CABIN:

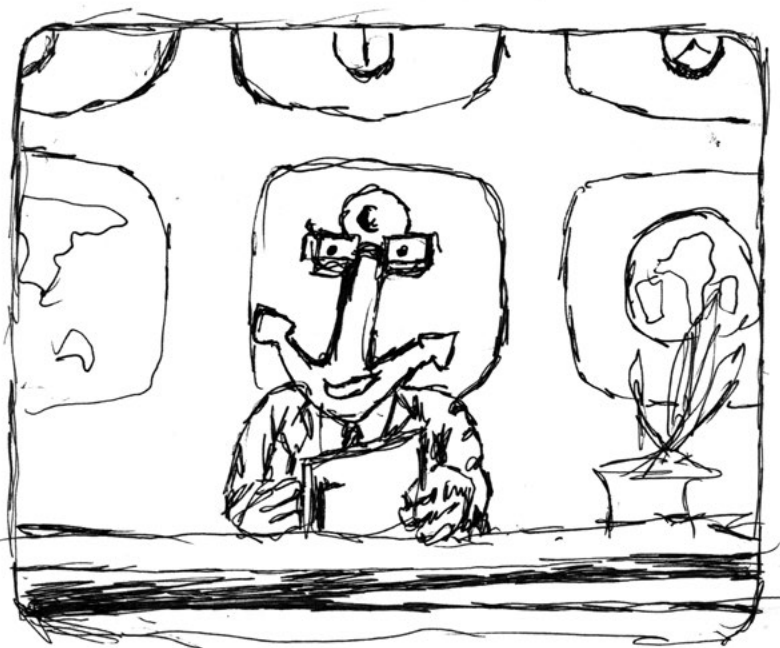
Two baboons with green butts are rampaging and stealing food from the cabins. Their attention is caught by the TV.

MUPPET NEWS ANCHOR:

urgent, frantic, yet oddly chipper

SCIENTISTS CONFIRM THAT A SWEET & SOUR GHERKIN IS HURLING THROUGH SPACE TOWARDS EARTH AT A CATASTROPHIC SPEED.

A MONSTROUS, PICKLED MENACE, PART ASTEROID, PART CUCUMBERY GOODNESS, WITH ONE GOAL: IMPACT! SAVE US LESBATRON!!! SAVE US!!



BEAT 2.



EXT. BACK AT THE POOL:

There's a sudden splash as a frog dives into the pool: an absolute cannonball! The frog resurfaces and starts talking. Courtney moves the frog to the duck floaty.

FROG: PAPER JAM! I MUST WARN YOU!

NOKU: NOW THERE'S FROG ALL OVER THE WATER...

OTHER ALEX: SHHH THIS SOUNDS IMPORTANT.

FROG: THE SWEET & SOUR GHERKIN... AN ASTEROID! IS HURTLING TOWARDS YOU! ARM THE LESBATRON!

ZINHLE: *rubs temples* WE'RE ON HOLIDAY ... THE LESBATRON IS OUT OF FUEL!

NOKU: WE NEED TO FIND ANOTHER SOURCE OF FUEL. WE LEFT THE SCISSOR SANDWICH IN JOBURG.

ALEXUSSY: WHAT IF WE BAKED COOKIES?

BOI: YES! REMEMBER THE LESBATRON LOVES EATING COOKIE. WE SERVED THEM WITH THE SCISSOR SANDWICH.

ZINHLE: NO, AND THE LESBATRON WOULD APPRECIATE IT. PAPERJAM WAS CRAVING A COOKIE, SO I, MOTHER, DECIDED TO MAKE IT.

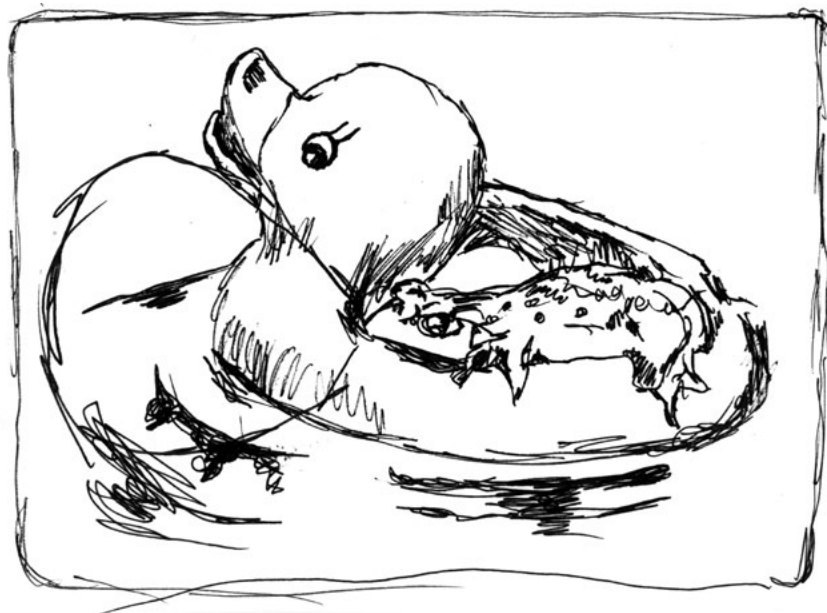
OTHER ALEX: DOES ANYONE WANT TO GO INSIDE THE LESBATRON? LET'S BAKE THERE... LET'S LOCK IN.

COURTNEY: LET'S LOCK IN! BUT I THINK WE NEED TO ADD SOME MANIFESTATION WATER...



There's no discussion on who packs what... People move on pure instinct and in perfect synchronicity: sunscreen is caught midair, belongings passed to the right people, towels folded... And the frog left respectfully in the floaty.

The squad moves out.





BEAT 3.

EXT. THE LESBATRON.

A robot, standing guard - scales built of photocopied Nelson Mandelas and shiny metals.



INT. THE LESBATRON.

Paper Jam begins to cook in the Lesbatron's industrial kitchen, but first PaperJam must perform a ritual to set the intention.

OTHER ALEX: ALL HANDS ON! THE WATER MUST VIBE WITH ALL OUR ENERGY.

ALEXUSSY: WE MUST VIBE WITH EACH OTHER'S ENERGY.

Alexussy hums

EVERYONE'S HANDS ON THE WATER BOTTLE...

BOI: WE INFUSE THIS WATER AND THE COOKIES WITH THE UNSTOPPABLE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

COURTENAY: I TRUST THE PAPERJAM INTUITION, AND OUR COOKIES ARE DELICIOUS.

OTHER ALEX: THE COLLECTIVE POWER OF OUR COOKIE IS SO MOIST AND STRONG. THE ASTEROID DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE.

ZINHLE: OUR COOKIES ARE A POWERFUL EXPRESSION OF CREATIVITY AND PASSION, AND THEY TASTE LIKE LOVE.

NOKU: THE OVEN IS OUR ALLY IN THE COOKIES RISE TO THEIR PERFECT [WORD UNCLEAR] POTENTIAL.



ALEXUSSY: WE ARE THE CREATOR OF COOKIES THAT WE MAKE THE WORLD SWEETER PLACE.

BEAT 3.

INT. KITCHEN CLOSE UP.

As the count-down to the gherkin's impact ticks closer, the cookie dough is prepared.



The butter gets browned.

in the background, a ticking sound and the voice of the Muppet news anchor

MUPPET VOICE: T MINUS 82 MINUTES TIL IMPACT!



Butter is poured into the bowl.

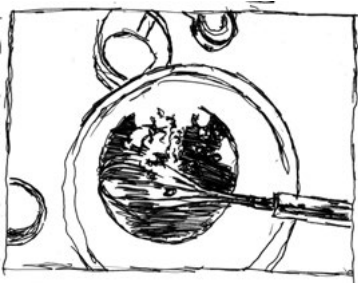
COURTNEY: IT FEELS EASIER WHEN I DO THINGS LIKE THIS WITH PAPERJAM.

NOKU: YEAH, IT'S CALLED BODY DOUBLING BUT I HEARD IT'S BETTER WITH PEOPLE YOU'RE COMFORTABLE WITH.

MUPPET VOICE: T MINUS 70 MINUTES! THE SITUATION IS DIRE!

ALEXUSSY: IMAGINE THE GHERKIN-ASTEROID BODY DOUBLED AND IT WAS AN ASTEROID BELT HEADING FOR US...

OTHER ALEX: UH UH! DON'T SAY THAT!



Ingredients are frantically mixed. The dough is forming. one hand mixes while another slowly adds flour.

ZINHLE: I DON'T KNOW. I FEEL LIKE WHEN YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH SOMEONE YOU BRING IT UP YESTERDAY. AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, OTHERWISE...

BOI: THE RESENTMENT FESTERS.

COURTNEY: THE RESENTMENT!



OTHER ALEX: GUYS, I THINK WE HAVE TOO MUCH VANILLA. LOL, WE BOUGHT ALL THIS VANILLA.

ZINHLE: DO WE HAVE TOO MUCH VANILLA? OR DID WE MAKE AN INVESTMENT?

PAPERJAM: MMMMMH! *while clicking*

MUPPET VOICEOVER: T-60 MINUTES! THAT'S ONE HOUR FROM IMPACT! THAT'S THREE EPISODES OF A MEDIOCRE SITCOM, ONE UNSETTLING THERAPY SESSION, 4 ROUNDS OF ...PANICKING!!! WHERE OH WHERE IS THE LESBATRON!?

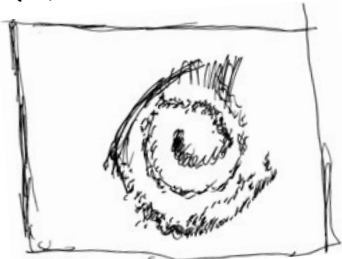
NOKU: NO, BUT FOR REAL, WHAT IF I NEED AN ENTOURAGE OF WOMEN TO BE LIKE A REAL PERSON?

ALEX: GOOD THING YOU HAVE AN ENTOURAGE OF WOMEN.

NOKU: NO, I MEAN FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. WHAT IF I NEED AN ENTOURAGE OF WOMEN.

ZINHLE: GOOD THING YOU HAVE AN ENTOURAGE OF WOMEN TO BE A REAL PERSON FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

COURTENAY: DON'T YOU GUYS FIND IT FUNNY HOW WE'RE STARTING TO SPEAK LIKE EACH OTHER? LIKE ALEX ALWAYS SAYS 'NO, FOR REAL'.



ALEXUSSY: CAN WE TAKE A MOMENT TO PAUSE AND LOOK AT HOW COOL THIS MIXTURE LOOKS?

OTHER ALEX: AYO...

BOL: CAN I ADD THE MARSHMALLOWS NOW? [...]

While the cookies are in the airfryer, Paper Jam takes a wine break and plays 30 seconds. A ding goes off.



OTHER ALEX: TIME TO FEED THE LESBATRON!

ALEXUSSY: DON'T YOU THINK WE COULD ALL HAVE ONE COOKIE?

NOKU: NO, FOR REAL...



BEAT 5.

Paper Jam shares a cookie before dramatically tossing them into the Lesbatron's fuel chamber like a ritual offering.

The Lesbatron awakens!

Breathing fire, electricity crackling around its massive form - now powered by love, friendship, and an unhealthy amount of butter and chocolate chips.

The gherkin impends - its unholy Brine energy now in the earth's atmosphere.

The Lesbatron is ready, and the battle is about to begin...

COOKIES SO GOOD



THEY DON'T LIKE

I LOVE U

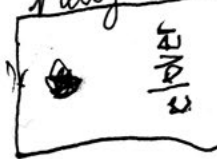
IT'S A BIT HARD



MILK & COOKIES



Pretty look



YOU WANT COOKIE?

IS THE BUTTER BURNT

eggie biscuit



YU E

WE'RE NOT GOING TO USE HOT WATER WE'RE GOING TO USE LEMON



WANT ON A COOKIE

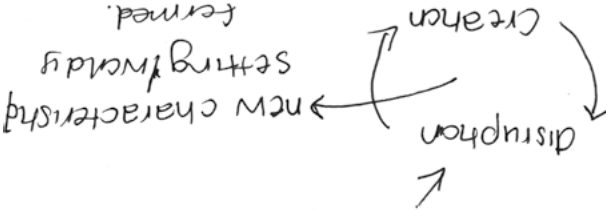
MARSHMALLOWS



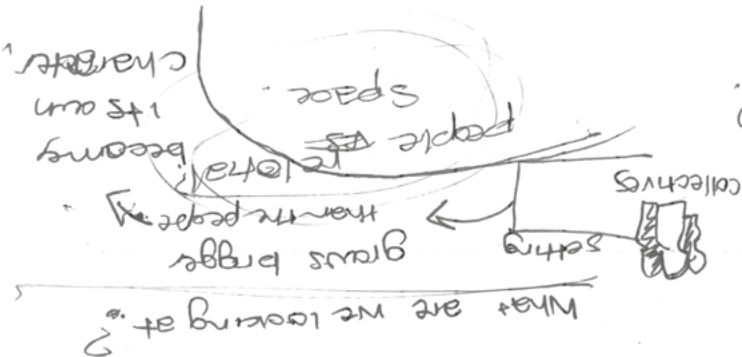
Doodles

original data dissolve because
 nous changing of the original;
 people working on the project
 want flux of the type of resources at
 and its in dynamic between may, staff, audience.
 its in audience.

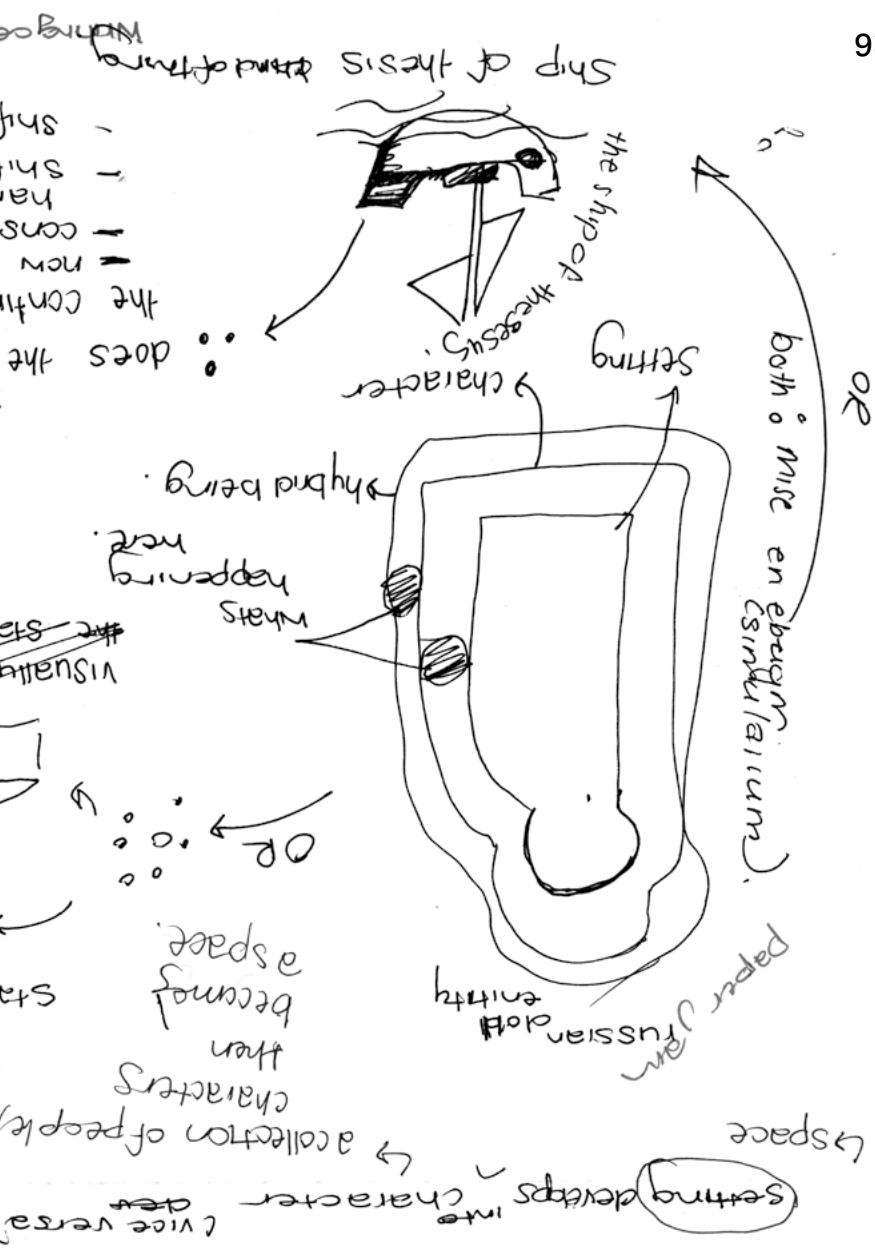
in how we exchange
 formed.



resistance.
 like a rubberband; rubberband
 reactionary
 However not reactionary

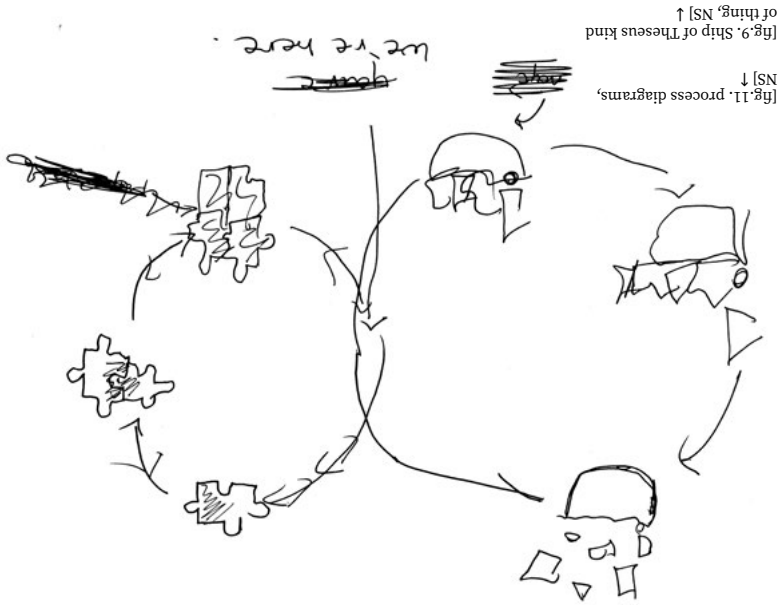


What keeps a collective a collective?



More than connective tissue

If I could imagine Moyé as something more than a mental event, more than a setting, but as an actual character, it wouldn't take the shape of an office space or person. But it would still be a mobile thing, untethered, slipping from place to place. A being that finds its people, settles them where they belong, and then shifts again, always fluid, always changing. It would show itself to people it chooses to show itself to... A place where something's always waiting for you: an imaginative theatre, a recording studio, a mountainside for those who need the space to breathe, or a seaside for when you've fallen into it, needing the water to pull you back to yourself.



Now it's just... numbers. It's all schedule this, optimise that, follow these trends. I think we lost the wit.

We weren't making art anymore — we were making content. So, we killed the experiment, and the numbers stood still. Later that year, with no social media team to lean on, we had to promote an in-person event the old-school way. No algorithm. No engagement strategies. We went full DIY with posters (real ones!), word of mouth, and trust in the community because if people believe in what you're doing, they will show up.

And show up they did. It was our most attended event ever. We sold more zines and magazines in one night than we ever had before. The open mic list was so packed that we had to turn people away and actively kick people out of the venue at the end of the night. Standing in that packed event, watching people physically hold our zines, share their stories, and engage with us as humans, it was obvious that that Moyé knew who it was, even when we didn't, and that it had gained a kind of defiant autonomy.

On Instagram and TikTok, the numbers grow and grow and grow, but in real life? You meet the people who care about your work, you hear their excitement, you feel the connection. We realised that, even in real life, our reach was targeted and reciprocal; we had our own analog algorithm — messy, indignant, vulnerable.



ZINE LAUNCH

FREE
FOOD
& DRINKS

How can a ZINE EXIST AS A SPACE?



I am the zine!
Get it? Instead
of paper. I am
the zine.

6-9 p.m.

@ TPO: Corner Berthel
Steinens Str.
The Point of Order
29 August, Thursday



I had handled it in the beginning; editing, posting, scheduling, engaging, curating, captioning, desperately trying to make the 'algorithm' a friend instead of an enemy-sucking demon. But I quickly realised that running social media left no room to make art. So, I passed it on. The next person? Didn't want it. The person after that? Also didn't want it. The cycle continued until finally, I hired a whole social media team: actual professionals, who needed volunteering hours to meet their course requirements or were in-between jobs. People who knew what 'SEO optimisation' meant, who 'knew what the people wanted', or who had gotten to 20k followers on each platform, twice, without breaking a sweat.

For almost a year, this system technically worked. Our followers grew, our analytics were in the green, and our posts were beautifully scheduled and curated.

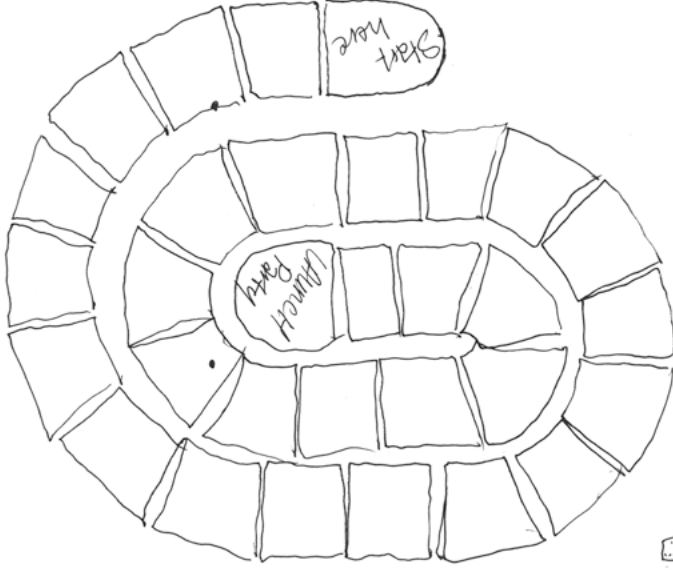
On-screen, it was a success. We were accumulating that tiny screen fame. In reality? Moyé was dying. And I felt it. Staff complained that the social media team was getting most of the attention because social media needs constant monitoring. The making of the print magazine kept getting stalled. I called Theo, our social media manager, to let him know I was thinking about pulling the plug on the social media team. Theo, usually cool and collected, practically jumped for joy. He told me what he had been thinking for months, *This social media thing is draining Moyé of what it is. Before I joined, I loved the wit, the charm, the soul of Moyé's social media.*

Moyé wants to be an offline hipster

The first time I realised Moyé (also) had a mind of its own was during the Great Social Media Experiment.

It was our third year in university. Our little art collective was growing. Outside belief in us was high; our ambitions were higher. It seemed like the only logical step was to join the rat race... The goal was to gain more social media followers. More followers means more eyes on Moyé and the work that is being produced. Plus more followers equals sponsors. Sponsors mean I could pay the staff. So we were pretty tunnel-visioned: Get Moyé's social media presence up. The problem? *Nobody wanted to do it.* In retrospect, that was sign number 1.

[fig.6. Moyé zine launch diagram, NS] ↑



Thinking about it now, moving back and forth from Moyé to Paper Jam was a subconscious way to reduce decision making. I could kind of fuse myself into a collective organism *Pacific Rim* style. Paper Jam functions like a hive mind—no single pilot, just the fluid, gelatinous whole, oozing forward. You can't spiral if you're not solely responsible for the navigation! In Moyé, I operate from within a dynamic that demands from me, sharpens me, gives me endless autonomy, and tests my gumption. In Paper Jam, decision-making is a slippery, shifting dance. The workload is absorbed by the group and distributed like a fine mist rather than a crushing weight. If one person wobbles, the whole thing re-adjusts.

This is the magic of collectives: No single person carries the entire process. And I sometimes struggle to implement that with Moyé, in fear of harming anyone else in the collective. That's how the perverse sense of martyrdom gets you. It's non-regenerative and counterproductive — because, in reality, a shared workload is the work. And then, there's the act of asking for help. The subtle weight of inviting others into your process, of requesting their time, their energy, their belief in what you're building. It's a vulnerable thing. Decision fatigue isn't just about choices — it's about managing expectations, navigating relationships, and holding space for other people's trust in you.

Which is why, sometimes, the best thing you can do is get out of your own way. Be part of something bigger. And, occasionally, just get over yourself.



THE SHOEBOX
THE EDITOR'S NOTE
MUNICIPALITY OF STATION

I call 2020 the year I lived in the whale maw, for obvious reasons, like Mayé's kinda wild that something like Mayé's from the plague Mayé's a lockdown ba find that funny - strange. Well Mayé was given birth to all the edge of lockdown. The idea - the headline I had to crack open and extract like Zeus giving birth to Athena.

Don't remember the month but it was one of the not ones. ~~the sticky hot days~~ No that's not right - it barely rained.

I had the young writer's initiative. 24th writer-a-lon when I heard the bird a climb into the rooftop. Mid-night - because the time difference. I think they were crows. Once a crow and a fruit bat where flying and fighting and collided on my window. I found their corpse under my window entangled the next day. That was a good year. I think that's how I know the smell of crow wings. Or the sound of them fluttering and flapping inside the roof. I remember trying to go through the writing exercises at 1am while they squacking and circling above me. I found much. It was ambichy.

Later, the smell of death started to permeate in my room. I burnt candles - to make something pretty of it. Peach and dandelin scented. My sister & I had gotten for my mother's birthday, it didn't do much. For all the size and ~~size~~ the burn it really wanted to be brown. I left the window open. Night and day, Burnt the peach and dandelin. But the desmell of decaying flesh

underneath dirty feathers really intertwined with the sweet scent. By the end of the week I hated it with open nostrils.

I wondered if I could get the smell in a perfume. ~~Difficult~~ Dely, Peach & Dandelin. Top notes of lavender and putrescine. Middle notes vanilla citrus, peach the bottom accords my

sweaty unwashed sheets. It'd reject the vibes I bring to the function. Afterback the pandemic was over, I would walk into the world, with the indignation of the yet to be born, the fruitfulness of the living and the resignation of the already dead.

After a month the notes of death had slowly started to retreat. And I was loathing at the maw indulging in it. All reactions happening internal burning their way out.

After a month and then sort of engaging with the young writer's initiative, positive reinforcement for my quirky & overly sensitive internet presence. I sent some voice notes to some writerly friends of mine. Caffeinated

a group of young writers I'd been apart of after we were part of were on board. I built the website, vetted stuff, posted on social media all while that smell of sweet rot fill under my nose.

Then the worlds gates were opened. The smell vanished, the candles wick burnt and burned. And with a little help from my new classmates Mayé went online.

over, until the work and your capabilities are clouded with exhaustion. Pressure points of contention are created and resentment grows. If left unchecked, it can lead to distancing oneself from the collective.

Moye has struggled with assigning staff titles — as soon as we've settled on the titles on the proverbial plank on the door (and on our CVs), we find our skills evolving and our tasks and responsibilities changing. At first, we saw this constant reinvention as a failure. Now, I see it differently: Keeping roles fluid prevents responsibilities from constantly falling on one person; needs shift, and so do those who fulfil them. It also challenges people to step beyond their usual roles, testing their different capabilities.

Sometimes, the mediator, the action-taker, and the mascot/personality hire — the one who holds the space — all fall to different people, depending on the situation. Because leadership is exhausting. Power dynamics are exhausting. There is a unique pressure in being:

The Person Who Makes The Calls.

The fear of letting people down sits in your gut like a tape worm. The unspoken expectation that you must always be decisive, inspiring, and *correct* eats at the energy that you could be using to fuel actually making the decisions. Even the most egalitarian collectives struggle with this.

[figs.4-5. Spreads from 'The Editor's Shoebox'; NS] ↑

They took me to get a boerewors roll, while I messaged for help on the Moyé group chat.

I can think of multiple other times when ego, whether blatant or meek, got in the way of the vision or led to being isolated. These are, in a way, a form of selfishness. Not in the obvious, villainous way, but in the way of someone starting too close to a mirror, mistaking their own breath on the glass for the shape of the world. *My problems are mine.* That's the unspoken mantra. The quiet justification.

When I was younger and lonely, my grandmother used to tell me to go help someone. It will help you. There is something about shifting focus, thinking about someone else, that smacks the self-pity right out of you. That's why I love social art. There is no room for preciousness. No time to build a shrine to your inadequacies when everyone else is showing up, doing the work, waiting for you to do the same. When you're making something with other people — something that will exist outside of your head — you remember that your worth isn't dictated by how you feel in any given moment, but by what you offer. Social art is a mirror that shows you who you are concerning others. And maybe that's the point. Maybe the cure for loneliness was never to be seen — but to be needed.

However. *However.* There's a burden that forms when you are constantly needed — especially when meeting those needs becomes an expectation, and the labour behind it goes unseen. It's easy to fall into a role where you are pressured to deliver expectations over and

“Getting over yourself” also means communicating your boundaries and needs. The true test of the strength from a collective such as *Moyé* is when an individual is inconvenienced but chooses to honour their responsibility to the collective community, towards the collective good. However, there is a point where an ‘inconvenience’ becomes a hindrance or harmful. One should be able to speak up about the burden so it can be shared. Or at least show that it is a burden so someone else in the collective picks up on it and asks you or speaks up for you... (NS)

Worse, you become *that* person. The one who can't manage their own chaos, much less work with people around you, leaving everyone standing around awkwardly like extras in a badly blocked stage play. Someone has to yank you out of it.

It's about the collective.

While working together or asking someone to make art for you or a greater cause, you're also asking them to believe in you. There is always a reason why you're not good enough, but those aren't useful to the community.

Last year, I was setting up an installation for Moyé as part of my final exam for my Fine Arts degree. Throughout the year, I had not completed a project of this magnitude by myself. I was stuck in the belief that I wasn't good enough and the anxiety of proving myself and acing the exam. So, when Moyé staff asked me if I needed help, I said no. There was a point within setting up the installation where I couldn't move... Mphoenle, a friend and staff member from Moyé, dropped in to check on me. They commented on the amount of work I still had to do. Entle said, "Then why did you tell us to not help you?" I confided in them how I wanted to prove I could scale the mountain myself, to which they replied, "That's crazy, you're creating an installation on Moyé — the collective... Alone. We all know you're capable! The work will get done, let's go eat."

You need to get over yourself...
conceptually

"I think you're
being ridiculous
about yourself!"

This line is from an Instagram Q&A on
Jemima Kirke's Instagram, posted in response
to the question, "Any advice to unconfident
young women?" To have the confidence
and the gumption to go full-on 'girlboss
mode', one needs to let go of their ego and
insecurities to have the confidence to carry
out what you started. If memory serves, the
very next status was a screenshot of Kirke's
camera roll — an ungodly collection of near-
identical selfies. But the advice still helped
me in multiple ways. Stop thinking about
yourself, and you'll stop being self-conscious.
Another post on the theme came from Ru
Paul: "Hard to remain patient with friends
who focus solely on their own crucifixion.
Get off the Cross, ladykins... we could use the
wood!" I still pull these up from time to time
when I need to snap out of a funk. Both pieces
of advice grabbed me by the collar, gave me
a firm shake, and muttered, "Get off it and
just do it." One must, at some point, *get over
themselves*.

Decision fatigue is a trapdoor, and the
moment you fall through it, you're spiralling
— arms flailing, eyes cartoonishly wide,
plummeting into the abyss.

AUDIENCE

Must
that one
has sufficient
knowledge + experience
to appreciate the work.

~~The all right idea~~

the the trust a deliverance
Collector's voice must not
invisible trust & that variable.
that he could
has done
Emerges.

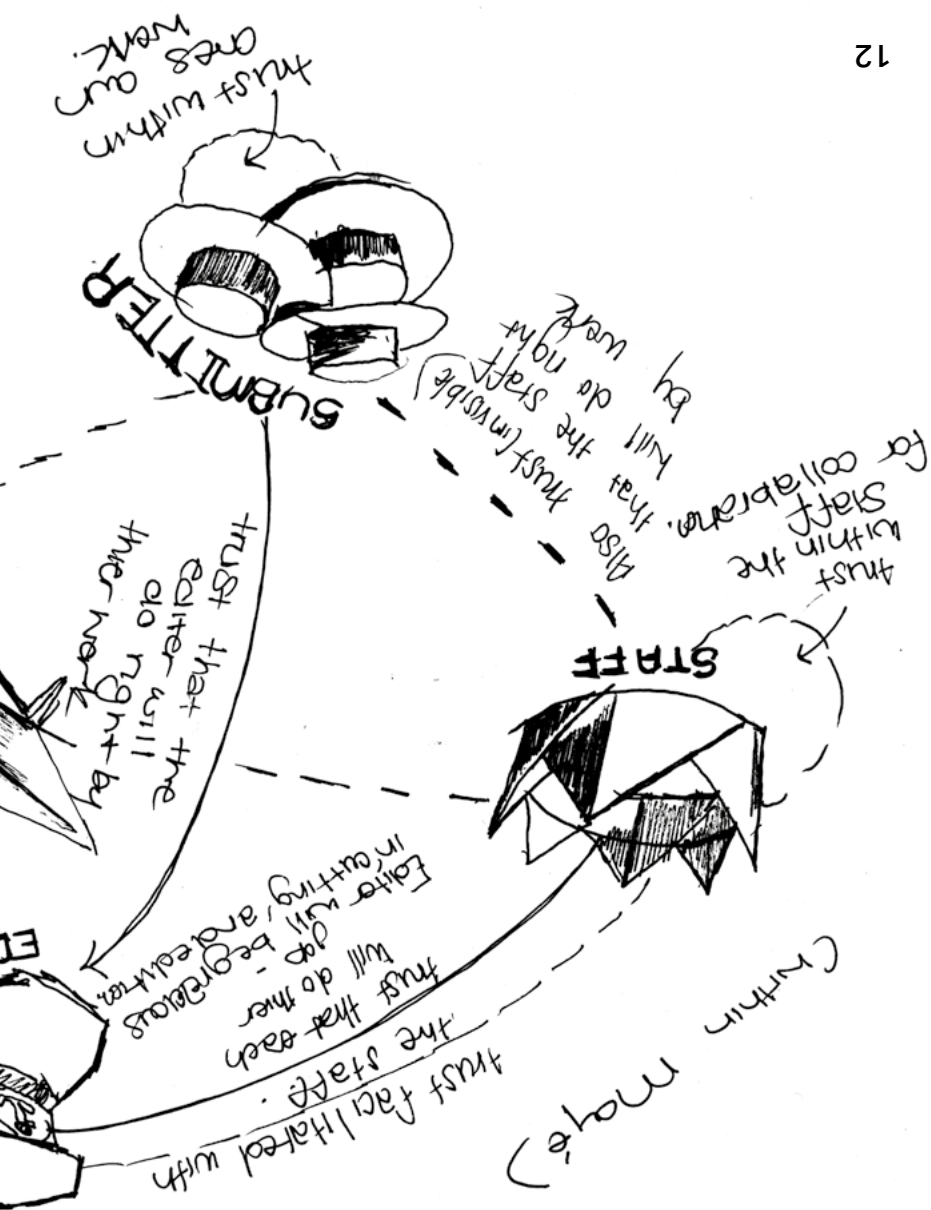
EDITOR

△ We're all
Audience

(We're all - potential - artists, writers, musicians, journalists, taste makers, interviewers here!)

most and more
here.

tru
tha



I didn't understand the why back then. I do now. I found a gap. I wanted a setting where the community could take root. We needed an idea that acted as a constant inciting incident. A space where interactions, creations, and relationships could unfold organically.

The why, I think, was connection. Moyé was cobbled together from every place I'd accidentally tripped over a community — digital or physical. I built the website, gathered the people, uploaded it all to Instagram. And just like that, the setting of Moyé existed.

The Moyé 'Web of trust' (overleaf) has the editor in the middle, with the captain's hat. It's a web of consent towards a decision making and responsibility. I ask Noku about calling Moyé staff "staff", often in the possessive, "my staff", with the sense that there's something complicated and playful happening here in terms of the organising structure (the image I have of Moyé is of many people huddled in a trenchcoat masquerading as a cartoon reporter, with one head popping out the top and a notebook in hand). Noku mentions in response, "a voice note somewhere" about the moment they all decided to stop referring to themselves as "Noku's minions". With all the wrangling that comes with non-hierarchical organising (see CDE booklets 1-4), there's something deeply coherent about this dextrous fluidity (fb)

[fig.3. Web of trust, NS] ↑

**Reached every
voice of the
hey, you of the
this world?
I was say:
'Be! in this!'**

We sent each other spoken word videos, music, and even usernames from online platforms or communities. The first followers of Moyé came from there.

I'd also reached out to Ashley, Lathan, and Mohammad — friends I'd made in a writing workshop we'd won after being published together in an anthology. At the time we'd tried to build a collective, Cathexis, but it never really took off (we had different pressing priorities and were scattered across Gauteng). But we'd also stayed in touch online, swapping poems, short stories, and submission links. When I floated Moyé to them, they didn't just want to submit work — they wanted in.

Ashley and Vanilla still keep the voice notes I sent while mulling it over. Whenever Moyé's direction gets blurry, they resend them. I sound so different. Hopeful. Earnest. There's a kind of passionate curiosity that comes only from not knowing how much work something is going to take. I didn't have money, resources, or anything close to a proof of concept. I had vibes and delusion.

The Kind of Art Forged in Unforgiveness

The brightest parts of my day were virtual events hosted by The Young Writers Initiative or the scraps of time my friends donated to reading each other's work. My social life became a balancing act between deep-diving into niche literary mags, exchanging digital collages and mood boards on Instagram, and pacing my room like a feral animal.

One of The Young Writers Initiative's events had a segment on submitting to indie lit mags: *Rice & Spice*, *The Luna Collective*, *Paper Crane*, and *OGMA*. Tiny, vibrant spaces — each charged with own individual ethos.

After this, I started reaching out to friends I'd met through other art communities. This was the very beginning of Moye's genesis.

Most of the online lit mags I loved were Western (and elsewhere). There was a vacancy — people yearned for a space where they could exchange and consume art, unfiltered.

One of Moye's first staff members was Vanilla Jane. During a conversation about sharing ideas in a collective, Vanilla reminded me how far back we go with art collectives. We met through our high school's performance & art club, For Us, By Us (FUBU). FUBU was started by Black queer matric girls who were tired of the school's neglect of the arts and who shared the same frustrations. The club was short-lived and died when we graduated, but some of us stayed connected.

fb: Where was the vacancy?

NS: Locally, there was art that was extremely refined or, with the western versions, it looked like they were from the same area, like they knew each other or were close to one another... They were all in America, or in the UK, or Scotland. There weren't many in SA, or on the continent, accepting submissions (NS in conversation with fb, RISO studio, March 19, 2025)

The why in the creation myth

I've told the story of Moyé's birth so many times I could say it in my sleep — and maybe I have. It's a solid story, the kind that slides neatly into people's ideas of what a scrappy, DIY art collective should be. The optics are perfect: built from the knowledge of my past fizzled out collectives, stitched together with the aesthetics and values of various subcultures. The story makes you aware of how important it feels. The type of thing that should be invested in. Someone once told me a good storyteller always has a pocket-sized epic ready to go. And Moyé's creation myth is a story — polished, digestible.

I roll it out at release parties, art shows, school exams, essays, and interviews. It's a party trick. It makes people nod and smile like it answers all the fundamental questions. I tweak the details depending on the audience: enhance some parts, and mute others. The devil's in the details, and perception lives in the frame: the how, when, where. But the question I dodge the most? The why. Because the why was too close to the skin.

Before

I had to be 17, 18? No, I was 19. I know because I started building the Moyé website during lockdown (which I call *The Year I Spent in the Whale's Mouth*, for obvious reasons). I was climbing the walls — my gap year flattened into an endless stretch of confinement.

Subcultures like: whimsy goths, dark academia... Things like: Rookie and other mags, y2k cyberchrome aesthetic, old pictures in 70s civil rights pamphlets, event flyers, southern African album covers (South Africa, Botswana, Zimbabwe), YouTUBE cover art (Santigold), punk... (NS in conversation with fb, RISQ studio, March 19, 2025) DJ Sprinkles/ Terre Thaemlitz on navigating the urgency of access to scenes and subcultures in alternate/changing landscapes of signalling and microtrends, from a conversation with Zakia Sewell on NTS Radio, Don't Assume January 12, 2025 (fb)

Jonah and the whale (NS)



DRAMATIC SUMMER

MESSY DISORDERLY WENERABEE

ACT I: ISSUE



The slogan, the invocation. Words as connective tissue, words as raw and trembling flesh. You must know the type of people you want to attract and repel — a call for the tender, the tempestuous. Words as a flag. A sanctuary for some, exile for others. No safe space is safe for all. A reminder for those who create and inhabit the narratives that unfold.

The call towards
Moyé is a structure
that includes and
excludes... (NS in
conversation with fb,
RISO studio, March
19, 2025)

**“ဒါရဲဟဲဒဲပျဲ
• ဂုဏ်ပဏ္ဍိတပျဲ • ရဲဒဲဒဲ”**

Covid baby's first words

It shows me when it is pleased and willing to receive. It throws tantrums when it is not heard. It is constantly becoming. Autonomous, yet evolving in synergy with what the people who work within it shape it to be.

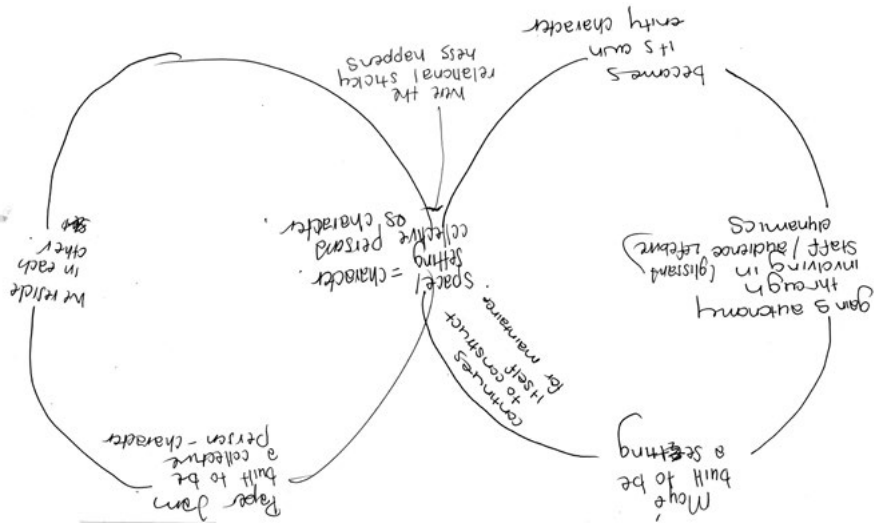
‘အာဇာနည်’ နှင့် ‘အာဇာနည်’
‘အာဇာနည်’ ‘အာဇာနည်’

Now, Moyé is a character in its own right. It's a living narrative, a creature made of deadlines and late-night brainstorms, of spilled ink and inside jokes that never fully disappear.

place. It had a **police**.

Mirroring the people who created within
and because of Moyé, it shifted under our
feet, grew edges where there were none,
and reshaped itself around us. It learned. It
remembered. It carried the weight of every
poem, every essay, every passing conversation
between contributors who left their
fingerprints behind. It was no longer just a

The setting speaks: Reflections on Moÿé Magazine



[fig. 1. Process drawing, NS]

Moÿé was supposed to be a place. A setting. A digital, social, and print-bound space where young writers and artists could spill their thoughts and find each other in the mess. It was meant to be scaffolding, a backdrop, a stage where voices could rise. But something happened:

Moÿé started **responding...**

Contributors

Moyé Magazine: Ashley Allard Writer, editor, and assistant editor.
Courteney Bentley Artist, printmaker.
Theodore Ghorbany Artist, actor.
Hana Hassim Photographer, curator.
Vanilla Jane Poet.
Mphoentle Mabusela Textile artist, photographer.
Boitumelo Phashe Artist, printmaker.
Raea Video editor, sonic artist.
Nokukhanya Sibanda Writer, artist, and founding editor-in-chief.

Paperjam: Courteney Bentley The funny one from Paper Jam.
Alexussey The funny one from Paper Jam.
Alexandra Greenberg The funny one from Paper Jam.
Zinhle Khumalo The funny one from Paper Jam.
Boitumelo Phashe The funny one from Paper Jam.
Nokukhanya Sibanda The funny one from Paper Jam.



***Carrots die everywhere: Publishing practices from the Shadow of the**

Moon was initiated through the **Shadow of the Moon** project.

Initiated in 2023, the **Shadow of the Moon** drew artists and organisers from

different contexts and cultures into a process of exploratory collective research

with a focus on community work, collective imagining, and sustaining social

practice. Expanding the sharing practice of the original ensemble, three reading

and discussion groups were hosted in late 2024 towards a publication series.

This bumper booklet is a bonus in the series and shares two texts brought

together by **Nokukhanya Sibanda** – one as the editor of **Moyé**, a Joburg-based

indie youth magazine, and the other as one part of **Paper Jam**, an amorphous

publishing collective begun within the context of a Fine Arts degree and the

Collective Publishing/RISO studio established by Dr. Rangato Hlasane (Wits

School of the Arts & Keleketla!).

Both texts were written around the alternating dynamics of the different

configurations, as a setting and a character, with the logic of the comparison

becoming more and more slippery as the text emerged: Moyé was positioned as

a setting, but started speaking; Paper Jam was supposed to be a character, but

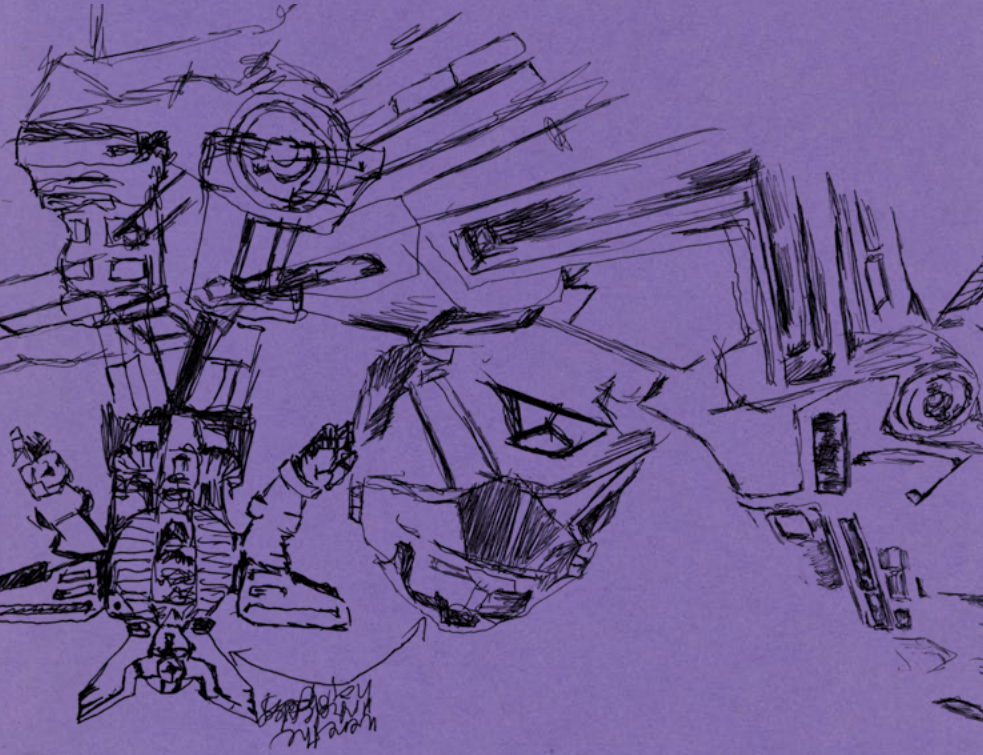
proved to be a megarobot with a well-stocked kitchen and a fondness for cookies...

Curious? As Paper Jam might say, "Let's lock in!"

The setting speaks:

Reflections on Moyé magazine.

Nokukhanya Sibanda (ed.), Ashley Allard,
Courteney Bentley, Theodore Ghorbany, Hana
Hassim, Vanilla Jane, Boitumelo Phashe,
and Raean



Booklet 5 in the series Carrots die everywhere:
Publishing practices from the Shadow of the Moon

